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REVUE DE LA MODE.

SPRING COSTUMES.

Fashion has issued new mandates and like the Draconian laws, written in blood, must be obeyed. We find in the late importations the jaunty school apron-front is composed of longitudinal puffs, which, to some figures, will be becoming and to only those should it be adopted.

Postillion blouses are revived with immense success. Two shades appear, for instance: the under-kirt is of a very light shade, while the revers for blouse sleeves and skirt of the darkest shade.

Ruffles and other trimmings which have been placed around skirts are being put on either obliquely or crescent-shaped. Puffings will be revived to a great extent. A new material for trimming is a soft silk called *gros de sars*, being shown in many fashionable shades. This will be used for a new styled flieu, called *Maria Antoinette* parure, scarfs, folds and various trimmings. Ball fringe is again becoming favored and in the handsome shades make an effective display.

Soft silk ties in two shades, half-inch wide, are used for neckerchiefs, and in the composition of Swiss, *batiste* or *lylia* ruffles are used on ceremonious occasions, notwithstanding they are decidedly undecorous. Some are made three or four inches in width and a yard in length, with ends either pointed, rounded or square. Many we find elaborately finished with medallions of *applique* or *costly* *Joint de Venise*. To make these a little less gaudy, some knot in a light piece of ribbon and it is not considered strictly in the fashion.

As importers protect bonnets are towering and invariably have a diadem or rolling coronet. Straws, of course, occupy the place vacated by rich velvets, and many beautiful styles in soft *Myrtles*, rich *Laghen* and in lace patterns. The crowns are square or oblong, which is the only new feature. Flowers, Spanish bluffs, beads and nests occupy a prominent position in trimming. Tips in *ostrich*, *avonard*, of course, are used but not to such an extent as in the past season. Straws for ordinary purposes, such as, what ladies term, "black hats," are dyed in the beautiful browns and olive greens. For traveling they will be *per* *cardenas*, as they require only a hand of velvet with streamers. A novelty is straw flowers interwoven with leaves of cut jet, and an old-style revival is the straw buttons for dotting the veil as well as the straw fringes, laces and scarfs so much worn three years ago. *Lyette* takes the *Dilly Varden* hat and *Lyette* is said to be quite popular. Large *Laghen* hats such as middle-aged ladies enjoy wearing will be again worn.

For *denim* dress yet again is the rage, and so great the demand that whole sets are made even to the *perure*.

FLOY.

An Editor's Speculation.

An editor in Iowa recently advertised that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterwards, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C. O. D. In the meantime the offer found its way into the neighboring State, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs, tied up with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards. The assortment included all the kinds from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and hauled, and had fights, and snifled under the crack of the door as if they were hungry for some editor. And the editor climbed out of the window, up the water-spout, and out on the comb of the roof, and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in balloons. At last somebody thought of a barrel of arsenic and three tons of beef, and poisoned the dogs, and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the Mayor for eight thousand dollars—being the municipal tax on dogs at one dollar per head.

See to the Colds.

Spring is the most trying season for colds. They need extra care and feed. Farmers are generally busy putting in their crops and they neglect them. The weather is becoming warm, and it is thought that the same cure is not needed. This is a mistake. A change from cold to warm weather relaxes the system, and young stock rapidly decline and become lousy. If they become poor, you may be sure they are afflicted with lice. These can be destroyed by greasing the animal; or a decoction of tobacco leaves or stems may be used on them, and thus they may be rid of lice. The teething of colts at this season is bad, as they are developing new teeth and their gums are swollen and inflamed. They should have soft and nutritious food, and a change afforded to whet their appetite. It is a pity for colts to lose the flesh they have acquired when a little extra care and feed would prevent any loss. When a good colt has been bred it should be raised properly, and kindness, care, and skill are required to do this.—*Coleman's Rural World*.

Wife.

This good old Saxon word (*wif*) is after all, the dearest and most sacred word in the whole vocabulary of love. Around it clusters all that is most beautiful, chaste, and permanent in the tender passion. Into whatever forbidden paths the heart of man may wander, still it must return at last to the hallowed name of wife for consolation and rest.

This Providence Star asks, "If a State prison convict takes the small-pox, can he break out with it?"

Eminent Women.

BY THE PAT CONTRIBUTOR.

In writing the biographies of eminent women it is eminently fit that we begin with mother Eve herself. Eve belonged to one of our first families, in fact the very first. She was related to the first man, on the Adam side, although she had deep cause to regret that she ever left Adam's side. Philosophers who have probed deep into the subject connect Eve's early career as a rib with the female fadness of a ribbon. Eve became Mrs. Adam, and they lived very happily together for a time. There was no other woman for her to be jealous of, and her husband wasn't pestered with dressmakers' bills.

She wasn't tortured by discovering love-letters from unknown females in Adam's coat-pocket, and Adam never did her up because buttons weren't sewed on. Eve never saw a fashion-book or a fashion-plate, and never wore elgions or high-heeled shoes (she made a slip, but she couldn't make a slipper); and if there had been lots of newspapers printed, she wouldn't have known how to make lack numbers available. It never occurred to her to go into the lecture field, and as for voting, she didn't know what it meant. If they were going out to a party, she didn't keep Adam waiting for her to dress until he was ready to Adam everything, and he was never known to come home with another man's hat or overcoat on.

How Eve could have lived without some other woman to gossip with, it is hard to understand at this day, but she did. Adam is supposed to have been kept in a glow of continual happiness by the reflection that he hadn't any mother-in-law hanging around, and couldn't have.

Oh, but those were delightful days when our first parents, in their innocence and simplicity, wandered about Eden Park, hand in hand, discussing the improvements that might be made; here an avenue, there a promenade, here an archway, and there a tunnel for an effluent pipe.

There is little record as to how mother Eve employed herself when not wandering in Eden. There was no sewing society for her to be president of, there were no clothes to be made up for the heathen, as there were very little heathen until the settlement of New York City. She could not play the piano, because she had none. Had she possessed one of those bores she would probably have driven her husband out of paradise without the intervention of the serpent. She could not embroider, although her worsted work was a success—she worsted the whole human race. She could not receive calls except when Adam called her, and got no invitations out to tea. She was totally ignorant of the delights of shopping, and never attended a bazaar in her life. When she went out to promenade she never looked around to see what other women had on.

There was some compensation for being the only woman in the world. Eve wasn't bothered with a "hired girl." She didn't know what it was to have a servant in the kitchen. She was spared the annoyance of changing kitchen girls every week, and there were no "fellows" hanging around the kitchen steps.

Everything seemed to go well with Eve until the fruit season set in, and then, well every child knows the story. She was tempted into an apple-tree to pluck some fruit that wasn't quite ripe, and fell. Adam fell, too—that is, he fell to and helped her to eat it, although, with a meanness somewhat characteristic of his sex, he attempted to throw all the blame on the woman when detected. Two lay to slake the tree himself, he was ready enough to partake of the fruit when brought to his hand.

After this *four* *pus*, Adam and Eve were obliged to take their respective leaves of Eden. They were fig-leaves. Eve had suddenly become possessed with a love for dress, and from that early period until the present that love has gradually increased among the sex until now it amounts to a veritable passion with many of them. Eve founded a very extensive family. Besides the Massachusetts Adams, the entire human race may trace back to Mr. and Mrs. Adam, if their traces are long enough. We do not learn that Eve cut up very much after that affair in the garden. If she "raised Cain" it was because Cain was tough and hearty. If he had been a sickly child, perhaps she wouldn't have been able to raise him.

It is recorded that Adam reached the good old age of nine hundred and thirty years before he died, but no mention is made of Eve's age when she passed away. The well-known antipathy to telling her age which characterizes women in all ages, and under every climate, may perhaps account for this. Eve has numerous monuments at the present day. Christmas Eve being the favorite. New Year's Eve is generally welcomed. Then there is All-Hallow Eve. You can buy her at the plaster of Paris shops, where she is made all hollow. To cut the subject short, there is no human shade, be it cot or castle, palace or prison but what has its Eve.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

We learn from the Lexington Press that a fire on Thursday night destroyed five small houses in that town—chiefly occupied by negroes. Loss \$1,500.

Hiram Strother and Dena Rogers, partners in a Richmond grocery store, died the other night, leaving muddy little claims unsettled. They haven't made a particularly propitious beginning in life.

J. A. Murray, editor of the Cloverport Transcript, has been appointed a Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Kentucky.

According to the Greenville Independent there is a man living in that county who has been a member of a church for forty years, who never subscribed for a newspaper, and boasts that he never gave but thirty cents during his whole life for the support of the ministry.

The Greenville Independent finds it necessary to state that no murders were committed in that county during the past week.

The suit of Mr. W. G. Wade, of Simpson county, for damages against the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, arising from being put off a freight train when he had a shipper's contract guaranteeing a free passage to Louisville, was tried a few days since in the Simpson Circuit Court, and the jury returned a verdict of two thousand for the plaintiff. In a similar suit for damages against the railroad, Mr. D. W. Sanders recovered, a few days since, \$2,500.

Says the Lexington Gazette: "An Irishman by the name of Graham, a groom at Woodburn, was killed instantly a few days since in a most singular manner. He was riding the celebrated station, Planet, for exercise, near where one of the faro houses was cutting down a tree, and was cautioned to get out of the way, but replied that he knew how to take care of himself. The words were hardly out of his mouth before the tree was upon him. His skull was fractured and his neck broken; but strange to say the horse did not receive a scratch. Graham was a good hand about horses, and ordinarily was perfectly trustworthy."

Horse Shoes.

The earliest horse-shoe makers appear to have been Vandals and Germans, in the graves of some of whom they have been found. They seem to have been totally unknown to the ancients. The first mention of them in literature is in the works of the Byzantine Emperor Leo, about a thousand years ago, by the name of "scelonia"—half-moon or crescent. They are thus among the most modern of our everyday appliances.

Before Leo's time, cavalry horses were often disabled by the wearing out of their hoofs. The war-horses mentioned by Job and other Scriptural writers were unshod. Receipts were given by Xenophon, Vegetius, and other writers, for hardening the hoof. The Japanese have for centuries used straw shoes or shoes for the feet of horses traveling on stony roads. They wear out quickly, but cost nothing, and can easily be replaced.

Horse-shoeing was probably introduced into England by William the Conqueror. Henry de Ferris, who came with him, had six horse-shoes quartered in his coat of arms, and is believed to have been superintendent of farriers. The superstition which attributed a power over evil spirits to horse-shoes, and which at one time prevailed so largely that most of the houses in the west of London had them nailed over the entrance, yet lingers. In many houses of the more ignorant classes in several counties they may still be seen thus displayed.

It was reserved for an American, Henry Burden, of Troy, to contrive machinery whereby this most useful article could be prepared, instead of by the tedious and laborious hand process that all nations up to the middle of this century employed.

Men Wanted.

In 1856, when a great reform was agitating the people, Dr. J. G. Holland published a little poem which we here publish as one of the topics of this time of stress and strain. It is a timely now as in 1856:

God give us men? A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and will; Men who have honor; men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a denigrator; And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking. Tell men, sun-browned, who live above the fog In public duty, and in private thinking; Tell men the rabble in their thumb-nails creeds; Their large professions and little deeds;—Mingle in selfish strife, let Freedom weep, Wrong rule the land, and waiting Justice sleep.

Farmers Should Have Their Say.

The time has now come when farmers as a producing class should have something to say in reference to fixing the price on whatever they raise for market. Other trades and occupations have their organizations, and fix the prices, which are, to all intents and purposes, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Look at the manufacturer!

Does he ask the farmer how much he will pay him for a plow? Not at all. On the contrary, should material or labor advance in price, straightway five or more per cent. is at once demanded. Mechanics representing every department of industry have their unions, and fix the price of both labor and products. In fact, union and co-operation are the rule, and not the exception, in all trades and professions except that of the farmer. Farmers have too long cherished the futile hope that times would be better and that better prices would soon be obtained for their products. This has resulted in nothing. The masterly inactivity of the farmers in this direction has literally bound them hand and foot, and they lie, as it were, at the mercy of the organized combinations now so common wherever wealth and population concentrate. Thanks, however, to an enlightened and liberal agricultural press, a new order of things is being inaugurated. Farmers' unions, granges, and clubs are being rapidly formed.

The time is now at hand when farmers, as a producing class, should have more to say in reference to legislation, for and against them, than they do at present. Heretofore they have been content with electing men to office whose fitness for representing the agricultural interests of their constituents was not taken into serious consideration. But that day is rapidly passing away, and the representative or senator who wilfully betrays the interests of the agricultural community will never have a second opportunity of doing so.

Whoever says there is no need of organization among farmers, is either an interested party or mentally incapable of comprehending the situation. In building up a new order of things we should build honestly. Captain East, the architect of the great bridge, did not start the foundation of the piers on the shifting sands, but upon the bed-rock. On this rock of truth let the farmers build, if they would bridge over the present difficulties. It is useless to hope longer. The time for action—honest, earnest endeavor—has now arrived. Deep as we are in the slough of dependency, unity of effort will lift us out of it. Faith in the future is a good thing as a tonic, but worthless when the bread and meat of positive endeavor as a motive power is wanted.

Farmers must unite in order to obtain a fair price for what they raise, and in order to get what they purchase at prices corresponding with those they obtain for their farm products.

Why are farmers still doubtful about the propriety of associative effort? If there can be any question as to its utility, why is it that those communities which take the greatest number of agricultural papers and lookers, are the first to organize? It is useless for the manufacturer to expect that the farmer will support as many middle men as formerly. It will not be done. There is a growing determination on the part of farmers to buy directly from the manufacturer.

If other classes combine and establish monopolies to oppress other classes, why should not farmers do so in self-defense? No matter what our individual opinions may be, there is no other alternative. Nearly all farmers admit the necessity of organizing, and are steadily and rapidly falling into line. Why hesitate? The present depression in monetary affairs seems to have been caused by other influences than those which led to the disasters of 1837, '47, and '57, and which produced such a universal stringency in the money market at that time. As to the cause of the hard times and low prices now existing, a diversity of opinion exists. That they do exist is a self-evident fact. Wherein lies the remedy? In what way can better prices be obtained? By what means can we better secure the cost of production for our crops, and be enabled to fix and maintain a fair rate for them?—*Coleman's Rural World*.

Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a certain lay-out took its way across the page. Leaving down the pen, the man remarked, "I have been led by Kansas City spicers, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks, but I—sue if I was ever in a hotel where these insects look over the register to take the number of your room."

It is said that a woman got a divorce from her husband in this State because he went to a meeting of the Good Templars, leaving her at home with a sick baby. It is to be hoped that there is no other woman in the State who would rather have her husband at home drunk than with the Good Templars sober.—*Courier-Journal*.

A young lady North of the Ohio river somewhere, was burned to death the other day, while trying keep warm with some heated bricks, from which the fire kindled. It is strange that any sensible young woman should try such a villainous substitute as warm bricks for keeping warm these awfully cold nights. A live back-log that will move out of the warm place, in prompt obedience to a vigorous application of elbow-jogging, is worth a small-size kind of brick for resisting cold.—*Chicago Times*.

Proverbs by Quiz.

Fling not thy foot-jack at the warbling finch lest he laugh at thine anger, and there be none to fetch thy boot-jack unto thee again.

Beware of dogs and tickle not the palate of the war-horse with thy finger, lest thou fall upon evil ways and have the hydrophobia and the epizootic.

Four acres shall win the pot. Listen not to the voice of the snapping turtle and walk not abroad when elephants do fly, lest thy feet should be caught in a snare and the flying elephant should put his head on thee.

When thou driest the whisky of Porkopolis set him house in order, for thou shalt be gathered unto thy fathers. Straddle not the hind when thou holdest nought save two shoes, lest thine adversary hold trays and grab thy spondulix.

If thy soul longeth for Mary Ann, see that thou tell her of it quickly, so she may reject thee and thou mayest be happy.

Nourish thy mother-in-law and feed her upon prussic acid, and thou shalt reap thy reward in due season.

Be good to thyself, for if thou art not, then who will care for thee?

If thou wouldst be wise, put much spectacles upon thy nose and part thy hair in the middle, for brains will come to thee like a thief in the night and they shall not lack for brass.

If thou be wealthy, go West, and when thou hast joined the Young Men's Christian Association they will send thee to Congress and thou shalt have much Credit Mollified.

When thou seest blood on the face of the moon, furnish up thy derringers and go slow lest thou run against a snag.

Take to thyself a wife—early and often.

The wag of a dog's tail indicateth which way the wind blows, but the wag of a fool's tongue indicateth nothing.

When thou eatest fish on Friday, take care that the bones thereof stick not in thy throat.

When thou hast dined upon nitroglycerine, let no man persuade thee to stop on stidge-hammers.

When a man boasteth to thee of his honesty, lead not thy left bower for his ace, for he hath the right bower in the sleeve of his argument.

Be virtuous and thou shalt be happy. The odd trick counteth one.

Pay your subscription for '73. And you'll be happy, we'll agree; but 'twill never, never do To neglect that of '72.

A Matron's Advice to Young Girls.

Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it were a jubilee, a gladness thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is, if it is all right; if they go about it as rational beings, instead of merry-making children. It is a life business, and that of heart and happiness. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never "steal a marriage"; never marry for wealth, or standing, or fine person, or manners, but only for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time, and think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment. Learn all that it is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband; when all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him.

Fruit-Trees.

There can be no apology for owners of land who fail to plant fruit trees. Every fruit-tree planted adds twenty times its cost to the value of the farm; if in any event the owner or his heir has reason to sell the same, this truth will then be fully realized. Fruit is now becoming in many quarters a large source of profit, and if the finer qualities are produced, and attention is paid to the proper varieties and the times and seasons for their ripening and gathering, there can be no more profitable crop raised.

Chicken Cholera Cure.

Feed your chickens on Venetian red, mixed in cornmeal or dough until the dough is red. If they cannot eat it, wet the Venetian red and pour it down their throats.

To prevent the cholera, put the Venetian red in water where the chickens can drink every day.

This is a sure cure, and it is said, has never failed in any instance where it has been tried. It will cure when the chicken is so far gone it can make no noise. Venetian red costs but ten cents a pound.

A young lady North of the Ohio river somewhere, was burned to death the other day, while trying keep warm with some heated bricks, from which the fire kindled. It is strange that any sensible young woman should try such a villainous substitute as warm bricks for keeping warm these awfully cold nights. A live back-log that will move out of the warm place, in prompt obedience to a vigorous application of elbow-jogging, is worth a small-size kind of brick for resisting cold.—*Chicago Times*.

Simple Division.

A Southern planter named P—, pretty well to do in the world now, was some twenty years ago, a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the strongest and most marked traits of his character, was an inordinate love of money. This, however, in the characteristic of the people in them digmity, where they practice skinning the strangers during brisk seasons, and skinning one another during dull times.

In the course of time P— was of age, and thought it about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and in the course of time was introduced to the daughter of Judge B—.

"Dang fine girl!" said the emphyro-speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B— be worth?"

"Why, about ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And how many children has Judge B—?"

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally ciphered P—. Here was a chance, a glorious chance, and he improved it too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge with all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cub as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married.

The honeymoon passed off as all other honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled by some names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were only three of you?"

"So there are, by my nix, but my pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, no times and nary over!" said the astonished P—. When he jumped up and kicked over the chair and groined in perfect agony. "I'm sold, I'm sold!"—and a night cheaper than an old bell-weather sheep at that."

The Great Wall in China.

William H. Seward, speaking of the great wall of China, which he examined during his tour around the world, says: "The Chinese have been, for at least two or three thousand years, a wall-nunking people. It would bankrupt New York or Paris to build up the walls of Pekin. The great wall of China is the wall of the world. It is forty feet high. The lower thirty are of heavy limestone and granite. Two modern carriages any pass each other on the summit. It has a parapet throughout its entire length, with convenient staircases, battlements, and garrison-houses at every quarter of a mile, and it runs, not by cutting down hills and raising valleys, but over the uneven crests of the mountains and down through their gorges a distance of a thousand miles. Admiral Rogers and I calculated that it would cost more than to build the great wall of China, through its extent of one thousand miles, than it cost to build the fifty-five thousand miles of railroads in the United States. What a commentary it is upon the ephemeral range of the human intellect to see this great utilitarian enterprise, so necessary and effective a thousand years ago, now not merely useless, but an incubance and an obstruction!"

Dyspepsia.

If a man of business wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his brain and stomach less to do. It will be of no particular service to him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chess bread, or any such stuff, to weigh his food, &c.—so long as the brain is in the state of constant excitement. Let that have the proper rest, and the stomach will perform its function. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-house, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a biscuit a day, it will not digest it.

An Englishman, having heard a great deal about the Yankee propensity of "bragging," thought he would make an experiment in the art himself. He walked up to a market-woman's stand, and, pointing to some large watermelons, said: "What, don't you raise any bigger apples than those in America?" "Apples!" said the woman, disdainfully; "anybody might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries!"

The London Lancet asserts that night work is not injurious to adults under certain conditions. The hours of sleep should never be curtailed, and the light should be white, powerful, steady and concentrated by a shade on the work. It argues that an insufficient, flickering, or too dimmed light is one of the most serious causes in producing the brain irritation which troubles night workers. It recommends abundant nutritious, and a moderate use of tobacco.

Go Slow.

Already we see some of our trotting horses that have been laid up all winter, being driven on the road at the top of their speed. What ignorance this displays! The roads are hard as iron, and horses must lose. Such hanging and pulling on the hard macadamized roads will scalded horses should not be subjected to much less should one that has had no work, and has been newly shod, a will injure his feet certainly. Then, such a rate of speed is wrong so early in the season. The horse must be brought up to his highest rate by slow degrees. First, he must have walking exercise a few weeks, then slow trotting exercise, gradually increasing the distance, and then he can occasionally be given a hand and opened for a quarter, and finally, after a couple of months, he is ready for fast work. His respiration and circulation are prepared for it, and everything works in harmony. Horses that are known to be fast want but little speeding. They want hardening, seasoning. The driver must have judgment. He should understand the laws of animal physiology. He should know that any violation of those laws will produce an injury to the horse. Men who are handling horses need brains, and the highest quality of brains. In no pursuit is skill so required to develop the highest powers of the horse, and we do bote to see this noble animal mistreated and abused. We have sometimes thought there ought to be a school for trainers of this noble animal. How few know how to properly shoe him, or how to properly break or train, or even feed or drive him. How many use force when they should use kindness. How many abuse and mistreat him, and perhaps through ignorance. No one who can not control his passions should have anything to do with horses. He should first be able to govern himself before he is entrusted with horses.—*Rural World*.

Beecher on Railroads.

In the course of some very wise and earnest remarks on the subject of the large railroad corporations of our country, the other day, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said: "You stand in the city of New York to day and look Southward, and you shall see that great corporation, the Pennsylvania road, with a capital now, directly and through its connecting branches, of hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars; and you look a little further to the North and see the Erie railroad, with a capital of hundreds of millions of dollars; still further to the North you see the New York Central, with a capital of hundreds of millions of dollars. Now, let there come up a question of national policy, which touches the railway interests, so that these great roads join their hands and their capital, what power is there on this continent that could for a moment resist them? We have a disguised despotic power. We have a tyrant that is more tyrannical in possibility in the future than ever slavery was. Slavery is dead, but Monism is its place to-day, and there is no Legislature that exists on this continent that could not be crushed or bought by the combination of such vast treasures as are held in the hands of only three central roads."

One of the Ohio papers tells about a brave little boy who found a broken rail on the railroad track, and, perceiving the peril in which the train should be placed if they should come dashing past without warning, sat out on the fence for five long hours in the bitter winter cold, in order that he might carry the first news of the accident to his father, who is a local editor of a paper published in the neighboring village. Such fidelity in a child is deeply affecting. The story reminds us of the reporter in Omaha, who trained his little son to make bets with his young companions that they were afraid to go home and build a bonfire in the garret. And when the bet was accepted, the guileless infant would stuff the other boys' pockets with matches, watch him go into the house, and then strike a lucifer for the reporter's office. That contented Journalist was always first at fires, and he invariably had the fullest particulars.

An engaged young gentleman got rather nasty out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united age only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven and laughed off her pet. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age.

The statement is made that only one of every nine of the 65,000 Protestant ministers in the United States have been able to provide for their families in the way of life insurance, and of those not more than half can pay the necessary premiums.

A PRILLY walking through a swampy yard, stumbled upon the inscription: "I am not dead, but sleeping." Dejected at what he deemed a snub attempt to impose upon travelers, he exclaimed: "Well, if I am dead, by thunder I'd own it!"

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Thanks for prompt replies.

Read one new advertisement this week.

The Old Fellows at this place are enjoying a revival.

Over two hundred of our old subscribers renewed their subscriptions last Monday.

Mr. D. W. Hinton is with us again, hence the improvement in quality and quantity of reading matter in this issue.

There is no joke about it. We can do better job work, and do it cheaper, than any other printing office in this county.

Mrs. J. N. Craig, Mrs. George H. McKinney, and Mrs. J. H. Alford are the first to come to the work of gardening.

Only three Lincoln county men have failed to renew their subscriptions in 1873, and they on the plea of "Can't afford it."

Any person wishing to borrow a few hundred dollars can be accommodated by advancing S. D. C. care of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

The debating society of Stanford had a public debate last Friday night. Some of the topics were of future greatness in history.

Two of our handsome widowers, with an extra polish on their boots and on a few other things, are about to leave town, the other day, behind a 240 stool. What's up?

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL has a much larger circulation in Lincoln, Pulaski, and Wayne counties than any other paper in Kentucky, and is consequently a choice advertising medium for those counties.

Mr. W. R. Holzer brought us a specimen of maple-sugar which we pronounce the fairest, and at the same time the richest, that we remember to have seen. He says the saccharine quality of the water, this season, is considerably better than usual.

The attention of the ladies is especially called to the advertisement of the Misses Mitchell in another column. Specimens of their needlework have come under our observation, and we are in competition with the ladies of the county in their line of business.

On Monday night the dwelling of Mr. Levi Hulse, near Millersburg, in this county, with its contents, was entirely consumed by fire. Mr. Hulse was absent from home at the time. It is supposed that the fire was caused by lightning during the terrible thunderstorm. Building insured.

Among those of our countrymen who have been coupled with serious afflictions recently, we noticed on our streets last Monday Hon. J. F. Cook, Dr. J. E. Peyton, Mr. John L. Dawson, and Mr. Chris. Engelman. We have favorable reports from Mr. Joseph McVittier, Mr. Harris, Mr. B. Van Arsdale, and others, and hope soon to have the pleasure of announcing their convalescence.

Almost everybody we met on Monday gave us a kind word of encouragement, and a goodly number slipped into our hands substantial tokens of their appreciation of our labors to furnish them and their families a readable newspaper. All seemed to be satisfied, and renewed their subscriptions cheerfully. To every one who gives us his name we return thanks.

Meers, B. F. & Son, of Bryanville, had on exhibition last Monday, several valuable pieces of their own manufacture, which equal to any work of the kind we have had occasion to notice. Samuel Houghman brought from an elegant skeleton, all made and recently finished, at a very moderate price. These skeletons, it seems to us, are almost indispensable to men who desire to show their stock to good advantage, and are light and durable.

On last Sunday the pastures belonging to Mr. J. S. Murphy and A. S. Myers, a short distance southwest of town, were discovered to be on fire, and the wind being very strong from the east, it was with the greatest difficulty that a number of gentlemen from town succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The cause was found to be the same dry grass and brush, and the fire was caused by a spark from a stove pipe, and a good deal of damage to fences was the result. On Monday the pastures were also on fire, and before it was checked, several parties in that neighborhood suffered considerable loss.

Here is a list of useful information, which, if followed, will prevent a great many accidents. The gentleman should never be left hitched to a vehicle without having some sort of check upon him. Try the following method of fastening horses. Take the reins and pass them round underneath the hubs outside of the wheel, and give them a hitch to one of the spokes. If the horse starts the reins are drawn up, instantly checking him, and as soon as he commences to back they are as instantly loosened. If, in addition to this, when there are a pair of horses, one of the traces are hooked, the team will seldom move far enough forward to start the wagon without being checked by the bit.

The entertainment given by Mr. R. W. Lillard to a number of his intimate friends, at the Commercial Hotel, on Wednesday night last, was a most delightful affair. The banquet was prepared and served in elegant style, and the tables were laden with the most tempting viands. Appropriate toasts and responses were indulged in; the elegant music of the gallant orchestra of musical jigs imparted zest to the occasion, while the ready repartee of the bachelor champion elicited hearty applause. After toasting the generosity, good looks, and hospitality of the worthy host, and the beauty, grace, and many virtues of the prospective bride, the guests departed—the bachelors to contemplate their uncertain destiny, and the Benedicts to "the desert spot on earth—sweet home."

A LAROE and well selected stock of fresh, pure drugs, chemicals and patent medicines always to be found at W. H. Anderson's.

Notwithstanding the management of Messrs. Hukuck & Padgett, came in last Wednesday evening under a full head of steam, and with a grand flourish of whip and trumpet. We hope the road will remain in good condition, so that daily communication by coach with the mountain metropolis will not again be interrupted. It is very evident that all thinking men in the county that one of the great needs of Pulaski is the way of public improvement in a turnpike road from Stanford to Stanford; but we presume it is useless to agitate a question that will involve an outlay of money while their own court-house is being built and paid for, and their prospects are so flattering for a great railway thoroughfare. The improvement is very much needed now, and would be almost, if not quite, as necessary after the railroad is built; therefore we hope that for some time yet the great needs of Pulaski in the way of public improvement will be met on the dividing line with a good and durable turnpike road. We

FROM PULASKI COUNTY.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

BONESTY, KY., March 11, 1873.

MRS. WILSON'S CONCERT.

The evening of the 4th instant presented a scene of joy, pride, and gladness to teachers, parents, and children in our quiet town. Mrs. Maria Wolford's concert, the closing exercise of Colonel S. A. Newell's school, was a grand success. The Christian church was beautifully decorated, and filled to overflowing with eager parents and our citizens generally, whose very countenances expressed the great pleasure derived from so rare an entertainment. It was truly a lovely sight. Mrs. Wolford was superbly dressed, very modest and lady-like as she appears on all occasions, while her fingers, fingers, and fingers—in other words, the pupils of her music class—were dressed in style, with much taste and elegance. The young gentlemen of our town who assisted in the concert appeared in their best, and acquitted themselves with honor and praise. Colonel Newell and lady, so much beloved by all of their scholars, were present, their glad faces shedding a ray of joy on all around them.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Overture by the Somerset Cornet Band.

"Song of Greeting," Miss Mollie Vickery, assisted by the class.

"The Soldier's Boy," Miss Laura Laid and Carrie Collier, assisted by John Smith on piano.

"The Soldier's Boy," Miss Mollie Vickery and "The Soldier's Boy," Miss Laura Laid.

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FROM THE EAST END.

Proceedings in Lincoln County Court—March Term, 1873.

LEWIS DUNN—For change of road. C. Traylor, upon his own motion, entered as contestant of the application. Report of viewers filed at last term quashed for insufficiency, petition dismissed, and appeal taken to Circuit Court.

Trustees of Stanford versus Walter Fields et al.—To open street. Street opened in accordance with prayer of petition.

Morris J. Harris—For change of road. Continued.

Sarah J. Overley et al.—For dower and division of land. Continued, and time granted commissioners to make report.

ANNUITY OF GUARDIAN.

Pauline Owens's Guardian versus Pauline Owens. Settlement of accounts of guardian confirmed and ordered to be recorded.

Lelia Owens's Guardian versus Lelia Owens. Same order.

Mollie Owens's Guardian versus Mollie Owens. Same order.

Joel E. and Katie Putnam's Guardian versus Joel E. and Katie Putnam. Same order.

Settlements with County Judge.

Settlements in the following cases were made with the County Judge, but continued for objections.

Sally Jackson's Administrator versus Sally Jackson's Heirs.

Same versus A. C. Crawford.

Same versus Peter's Heirs.

John H. Adams's Guardian versus John H. Adams.

W. S. Carter's Guardian versus W. S. Carter.

Martha E. Carter's Guardian versus Martha E. Carter.

Samuel Holmes's Administrator versus Samuel Holmes's Estate.

Same versus Almira Miller's Heirs.

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